

# RESTORATION



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## The Prudence of God Not Prudence of Man

By Catherine de Hueck

Dear Sister — Yes, I know, I have asked you often to do the impossible for Christ's sake (though, in truth, is there such a thing?). And you think that once in a while I have been "imprudent" in my requests, in the techniques I have suggested, the ways and means I have advocated!

### Prudence Of Men?

**PRUDENCE** . . . What a short word! And what a great virtue! Yet to make the whole question a little clearer for myself, I would like to know of which "prudence" you speak in your last letters? **THE PRUDENCE OF MEN OR THE PRUDENCE OF GOD?** It is very important that we settle this question. For it is one of the most important of our days. On the answer truly depends the whole of the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action, so constantly, so urgently advocated by our holy pontiffs.

For, in the last analysis, if we act according to the prudence of men . . . **WE SHALL PERISH** . . . if according to the prudence of God . . . **WE SHALL LIVE**. So let us try to define **PRUDENCE**.

The moment I think of it, a quotation from the Gospels comes to my mind . . . "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and simple as doves"—Matt. 10:16. Also I remember the whole episode of the wise and foolish virgins in another Gospel. I must not let myself dwell on these things, but concentrate on the definitions that would clarify, be it even a little, what I mean by **PRUDENCE**.

Prudence is one of the four cardinal virtues. **PRUDENCE . . . JUSTICE . . . FORTITUDE . . . TEMPERANCE**. Of prudence it is said that she directs the others, and that, moreover, she really is composed of two parts, **ACQUIRED PRUDENCE AND INFUSED PRUDENCE**.

### Infused Prudence

The first proceeds from natural reason, its duty being to counsel us about many things which natural reason can know by its own power. Infused prudence, on the other hand, is given to us by Baptism. It grows with Charity, through merits, the Sacraments, especially frequent Communion.

It is especially in the "INFUSED PRUDENCE" that you and I are interested, is it not? For by itself it gives us the facility to judge well and **PRACTICALLY** of the matters of Christian life. It also brings to the **ACTIONS OF OUR DAILY LIFE** the light of grace and of infused faith . . . even as **ACQUIRED PRUDENCE** brings to them the light of right reason.

Well now, let us stop for a minute, and ponder the above. As we do, we see that

the **PRUDENCE OF GOD** is given to us to judge well and practically of matters of Christian life and brings to all the actions of our daily life the light of grace and infused faith. Forgive the repetition. But these points are important to both of us. For if it is true — and it is — then true practicality even in the smallest action of our day, through this glorious virtue, must be rooted in Christ.

Root in Latin is radex. The real meaning of the word **RADICAL**, so abhorrent to us today, is to be found right there.

### Rooted In Christ

**CHRIST IN THE LIGHT OF TRUE PRUDENCE BECOMES THE ROOT OF OUR ACTIONS! TO BE TRULY "RADICAL" IN THE RIGHT SENSE OF THE WORD . . . SHOULD THEN MEAN TO YOU AND ME . . . "TO BE ROOTED IN CHRIST."**

Can one go wrong when guided by infused prudence, which gives us the light of grace and of infused faith . . . if one is, and advises others to be . . . **THAT KIND OF RADICAL?**

But let us go on with our definitions. Infused prudence is a **GREAT VIRTUE** superior to ALL moral virtues which it directs! IT SHOULD BE FOUND ESPECIALLY IN THOSE WHOSE DUTY IT IS TO ADVISE AND DIRECT OTHERS!

And this of course means you, dear Sister, who teach. For teaching also means **ADVISING . . . DIRECTING OTHERS . . .** shaping their ideas, their minds, their character formation. So the infused prudence of God is, or should be, your virtue par excellence, as I am sure it is.

But to continue about prudence itself. Truly I am not concerned, here, with **NEGATIVE PRUDENCE**, which alas, to avoid difficulties and vexations, almost always advises **AGAINST UNDERTAKING GREAT THINGS**, which has for its motto, or principle . . . "UN-DERTAKE NOTHING" and which belongs to cowardly souls—those who begin by saying—"the best is **SOMETIMES** the enemy of the good," and end up by declaring "the best is **OFTEN** the enemy of the good!"

### Negative Prudence

Such negative prudence confounds the **MEDIOCRE** and **MEDIOCRITY** itself is

such an unstable means between good and evil, for it is that **WITH WHICH TEPIDITY CONTENTS ITSELF!** It is forever seeking pardon, by speaking of **MODERATION**, and stating and restating, ad infinitum and ad nauseum, its first beloved principle — **NOTHING MUST BE EXAGGERATED!**

What follows then? Why simply this . . . forgetfulness of the primary fact of spiritual life . . . **THAT IN THE WAY OF GOD . . . NOT TO ADVANCE IS TO RETROGRESS. NOT TO ASCEND . . . IS TO DESCEND.** The law of the traveller is to advance, and not to fall asleep on the road.



**NO, TRUE CHRISTIAN PRUDENCE IS NOT A NEGATIVE VIRTUE, IT IS A VERY POSITIVE ONE . . . WHICH LEADS MAN TO ACT AS HE SHOULD . . . ACCORDING TO THE LIGHTS OF GRACE AND FAITH. IT NEVER LOSES SIGHT OF THE ELEVATION OF OUR SUPER-NATURAL END . . . NOR THE ZEAL OF GOD AND THE SALVATION OF SOULS. IT DEFINITELY REJECTS CERTAIN HUMAN MAXIMS.**

Yes it belongs wholly to you who teach . . . naturally . . . by your very state of being Religious, (a state so holy, so great in itself, that you would not wish anything else in it) to direct the youth under your tutelage **TO ACT AS THEY SHOULD WHEN THEY SHOULD . . . WITHOUT EVER LOSING SIGHT OF THEIR SUPERNATURAL END . . . WITHOUT EVER COOLING THEIR ZEAL . . . WITHOUT EVER LOSING INTEREST IN THE SALVATION OF SOULS.**

### Must Not Be Tepid

From all this it also follows that **YOURS** cannot ever be a **MEDIOCRE WAY. NOR CAN IT BE A TEPID ONE.** The two, in this case, incidentally, are synonymous.

Nor should you be afraid of **UNDERTAKING ANYTHING FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.** For you belong to a community whose founder was filled with that **VERY FOLLY OF THE CROSS**

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## New Church To Start Skyward This Spring

When we asked the readers of *Restoration* for funds to help build our new church we realized it was a bad time to ask for anything. Christmas was coming, and the January bills, and then the income tax. But the response was more than generous, and money is still coming in from various parts of the world. A million thanks! We thought you'd like to know something about the new church being planned for us, so we assigned our little girl reporter to get such facts for you as there were to get. This is her report.

By Mary Omanique

Parishioners of the Sacred Heart Parish in Combermere, are waiting for the first signs of spring to begin the building of their new church.

It was Sunday, the eleventh of November, that a disastrous fire claimed the old church, which had been the place of worship for a hundred or so families, in and around the village.

### Hall Becomes Chapel

Rallying around their pastor, the Rev. A. P. Dwyer, the men and boys converted the parish hall into a temporary chapel. There were folding chairs and benches enough to seat a congregation of one hundred. These they placed facing the altar, which had formerly been St. Joseph's altar in the Cathedral of St. Columbkille, Pembroke.

The staccato beat of hammers, quickly provided a sacristy; and a green backdrop was hung behind the altar, concealing the stage. A new tabernacle was made; and, the Sunday following the fire, Mass was celebrated in this hall-chapel.

The heating problem was solved by the installation of a barrel-stove in the aisle. Even before this temporary arrangement was completed—in the very week of the fire—provisions were being made for the building of a new church, the expected total cost of which would be from \$30,000 to \$40,000.

### Colonial Type

The new location will be west of the former site and the building will be a frame structure of Colonial type,

with Roman arches over the windows. The seating capacity will provide for three hundred. The expected dimensions are 110 feet in length and 40 feet in width.

A cement foundation, with a basement which will allow for the installation of a furnace and a central-heating system also has been planned.

The church will contain three altars, a sacristy and a spacious sanctuary. It will have a square aluminum roof, and hardwood floors, says Father Dwyer.

Plans for a chancel choir and a new organ will be realized by September, the pastor believes. Five months is the expected length of time needed to complete the building.

Details concerning the color scheme and interior decorating are not as yet available. The lighting and acoustics will depend on the material Father is able to procure. The confessional will probably be at the rear of the church proper. The estimated number of windows is fifteen. A main entrance, and side exits, which will possibly number two or three, are being worked out. Simplicity will be featured in the altar railing, the belfry and in the statues and the Stations of the Cross.

The financial situation includes an insurance refund of \$14,000 and a number of donations totalling to date \$1,962.50. It is expected that the greater part of the lumber necessary will be obtained from the parishioners, and from timber taken from church property.

## Our Lady of Fatima Begs

Swiftly times goes on  
To the whirr of wheels,  
In this mechanical age.  
The whizz and whirr of  
wheels;  
The swift mechanical prayer,  
Langorously said;  
The adventurous tale;  
The cinema; or hours danc-  
ing  
To clangorous rhythm;  
And Sunday Mass dreamily  
And subconsciously endured,  
And heard at a late hour—  
Thus are all spent the min-  
utes and the days,  
Presuming on Salvation  
For a fleeting thought;  
Precepts old proclaimed up-  
on a mount,  
The earnest prayer, a testi-  
mony of love,

These things forgot,  
As swiftly times goes on  
To the whirr of wheels,  
In this mechanical age.  
And God in His Heaven sees  
And frowns upon His luke-  
warm Creatures,  
And holds the threatening  
lash;  
The while, 'twixt God and  
us,  
Pleading with God for mercy,  
Pleading with men,  
Stands Our Lady of Fatima,  
begging us  
To raise our hands in prayer  
Lest the sharp lash fall;  
Begging us to pray the  
Rosary,  
Her own most favoured  
orison,  
Praying for all mankind.  
—G. C. M.



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## WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

Lent . . . A time given to fighting Satan and his legions. The Church styles Lent "THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE." Who remembers this? Where are Christ's legions entering this special fight? How many stand on the sidelines, idle and unconcerned? And, for that matter, how many remember or even believe in Satan today?

The greatest victory of the Prince of Darkness in our dark days is that men have ceased to fear him, in fact have almost forgotten his existence, or if they remember him at all, it is in a sort of half-ashamed fashion, that expects ridicule and incredulity from everyone else, and so refrains from ever discussing him and his powers.

Yet he is very much in evidence . . . and his powers were seldom greater. For he has lulled men into forgetfulness. He has reduced their vigilance to nought . . . and thus has almost made our earth his free and untrammelled abode, where he roams continually, catching souls everywhere in his wide-spread, yet all but invisible nets.

He uses all things and all ways to seduce men. Some obvious and dramatic — like Communism . . . Some hidden and incredible, like virtue itself. For it is possible to serve Satan through many good things . . . Even through the good works of charity and mercy, by making them ends instead of means, or putting it another way, by making idols of them and falling down and worshipping them . . . and thus breaking the First Commandment.

Yes, Lent is the time given to fighting Satan and his legions. So let us, make this Lent of 1952 a real all-out battle. But let us first clear all the cobwebs from our minds, souls and hearts, and acknowledge, if only to ourselves, the existence of the Devil. Then let us allow the reality of his power to soak into us thoroughly!

For He IS powerful. His is the greatest mind in creation. Remember? He was once an angel. A great angel. He still is, even though a fallen one. So let us begin that war, that all-out Lenten war of ours, by putting ourselves into training. For this war we need the training of our wills, our minds, our bodies, our souls.

Fast and abstinence, according to the mind and rules of the Church, will do this for us. Extra bodily inward mortifications, with the permission of our confessors, will limber us up all the more.

A thorough examination of conscience will lay the fighting terrain bare. Prayer and more prayer — will give us the needed strength. Detachment from the things of the world, its pomps, pleasures, and amusements, will lift our hearts into God's, and make us invulnerable to the wiles of the enemy.

Spiritual reading, especially the Gospels, will give us the mind of Christ, and His grace and strength, that will make the outcome of the fight more assured for us.

And our participation in the Mass, with frequent reception of the Sacraments, will give us an impenetrable armor.

Only a short six weeks of such a training . . . and fighting . . . and we may be in condition for a life-time of it. Why not start it now? This Lent?

If we don't, our next Lent may be spent in the Catacombs . . . and the price of knowing that the Devil is real, as real as his immense powers, will be a million times higher than it is now.

And moreover . . . it may come to pass . . . that for us . . . the fight will be over . . . and He the winner.

This is the acceptable time. Next Lent may not come for either of us.

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

March; and the world still wears its bridal trappings—though they look quite worn and stained. March, and impatient buds can hardly wait to break out of their confinement and have a look at everything. March, and the Madawaska is now free, now bound, now filled with jig-saw pieces of gray ice. March, and the robins will be back again before we realize it.

### No Puns Indeed

March, and I stop awhile in the book I am writing, "The Conquering March of Don John Bosco" — no puns, please — and find some sort of allegory in the beauty outside my windows.

The thought is a bit hazy, and I don't know if I can express it well, but I am thinking of the winters the Church has passed through — so many and so severe — and of the present winter it endures.

I have been writing about the Liberals, those "intellectuals" who churned up such a winter in Don Bosco's day — and about the first Reformers — and about the present generation of bigots and persecutors.

I suppose all this hatred of God and His Church — all this blind and dumb aversion to the "pope of Rome" and everything pertaining to him — and this diabolic attempt to do away with Christ and everything Christian, really began in the Garden of Eden.

Adam and Eve! I suppose it began with them. They had everything God Almighty could give them to make them happy. But one thing bothered them — after the serpent called it to their attention. The rule against eating the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

"Ah," the serpent whispered, "why did God make that rule for you? Because he knew if you ate that fruit you'd know everything. You'd be greater than He is. That's why. God's afraid of you. Are you afraid of Him? Ha ha. (Or hiss hiss, since that's the way a serpent laughs.) Come on, let's see you show Him."

### The First Boobs

He must have laughed again, watching Eve pulling the same stuff on Adam. "I hope you choke, you boobs," he hissed as he slithered away. Those words are hard to hiss in English. But if you try the original Serpentine—

He created a tough winter for that first couple in the Bridal Suite; and he kept doing it through the centuries, with more or less success, for their descendants. One day he tried it on a Man who had fasted for forty days in the desert — and crawled away in fear and humiliation, and with a desire for vengeance that has never slept, that has never been slaked, that has never weakened.

But everytime the serpent made a winter for his enemies, a gorgeous Spring ensued. The more ice and snow he poured upon the earth the fiercer the gales he blew, the more havoc he created — the richer were the buds, the stronger the trees, the more beautiful the wild flowers.

And always there was the memory of the voice that damned him, and the promise of the Woman who should crush his head!

### Reformers, He Says

The serpent managed to induce the Reformers to leave the church built by his Enemy, and to build churches of their own.

"Why stay in an authoritarian church, bud? You can do just as well on your own. Uh. You can do better. You got education, Mac. You got brains. What did He have? Hey, He was only a carpenter. He never went a day in His life to school. And He should tell you? Get wise."

They left the church. But there was the Bible. It kept following them, as though it had a knife in its hand; as though it were the angel that booted their first unhappy pappy out of Eden.

"Oh," the serpent said, "don't mind that. Use it. Pretend like its yours. Adopt it. I mean adapt it. I mean interpret it. You know. This is another little trap, like that tree of the knowledge of good and evil. You ain't supposed to alter it. But that's just another rule. You want to stay in power? Change it. Then you'll be as powerful and as wise as He is. You got a mind? Use it, pal. Write your own Bible."



### Man Made Gods

Later reformers, who liked their blood hot out of the other guy's body, and their religion cold and calculated, got the idea—from the same old serpent — to make a god of reason.

"Look, Jack, let's reason this out, huh? You say God made man. That's wrong. Man made gods. Thousands of them. If he had to do it all over again, he'd make the same kinds. Right? So every man's different—right? And yet every man's the same—right again? So let every man make his own god, if he has to have one, out of his own reason. Huh? See the point, brother? Every man his own god."

That didn't work too well. After a rigorous winter the big-dome boys saw that it had seriously interfered with business, and had tended to create too many riots and rebellions against their governments. With every man his own god, a lot of men thought they owed authority to nobody but themselves! It was hard to control them.

And the Spring came around again, as it always

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## The B's Corner

I wonder if all our Canadian readers are aware that we have two services at Madonna House that may help them to grow in the love and knowledge of God.

The first is our CATHOLIC - LENDING - LIBRARY-BY-MAIL. With its two departments—the adults', and the children's one. Between them they possess some 3,000 books. Good books. Books the whole family would enjoy. The subscription price is no more than minimum—ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR—and brings to you four books a month.

### Send Back Free

Since ours is an utterly non-profit library, the Postal authorities of Canada have given us a permit that further lessens YOUR expenses in the matter, for you mail the books back to us POSTAGE FREE. Thus for a tiny dollar a year you really can borrow the latest and best Catholic books available.

Interested? Send us a dollar, and ask for a catalogue. Priests, teachers, and religious communities working in rural areas are most welcome to take advantage of this service. It is the only one of its kind in all of Canada.

How do we keep it up at that price? We don't. Because we believe so deeply that the supplying of good Catholic reading is one of the main works of the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action. Friendship House style, we are not ashamed to beg for our library. It is from donations of money that we yearly purchase approximately \$800.00 worth of books for you to read.

Moreover, we stand ready to help you in all your Catholic reading problems. Want to know where to get this Catholic magazine or that? Ask us, and we will find out for you. Do you need book lists on any Catholic subject for classroom or study club? We will do our utmost to supply you with it. Want to have the names of pamphlets dealing with one of many aspects of the Church's teaching? Again we will try to gather lists of these for you in the shortest possible time.

### Dear Subscribers

A monthly library letter goes out to all subscribers, full of information regarding books and things pertaining to them. No extra charge for it either. Want to start a family bookshelf? (Every Catholic family should.) We will give you a list and help you with addresses of bookstores. Want to start a parish library? We will help out all we can.

Definitely we are in the reading apostolate . . . make use of us . . . we beg you to! Let us together learn to love God better, so that we may serve Him and our neighbor better, and thus restore the world to Him.

And then there is our second service . . . RESTORATION.

This is our monthly paper. It is an humble little newspaper, that will come to you for 12 months for \$1. You are reading it now.

It will tell you of ordinary little things done with great love for God and neighbors. It will give you home-news of our own apostolate, such as it is . . . by itself not very important, but perhaps of help to you, for it is always easier to do things together

(Continued on Page Three)



## THE PRUDENCE OF GOD

(Continued from Page One)

WHICH MEN CALL IMPRUDENCE, BUT WHICH GOD CONSIDERS THE ACME OF WISDOM.

No, not for you any NEGATIVE PRUDENCE. No, not for you ACQUIRED PRUDENCE only. For you, God's chosen ones, the whole vast symphony of that CARDINAL VIRTUE THAT DIRECTS THE OTHER THREE. FOR YOU, THAT PRUDENCE THAT KNOWS NO OBSTACLES IN SEARCH OF ITS END, WHO IS YOUR BELOVED, YOUR GOD. FOR YOU THE INFUSED PRUDENCE THAT IS ROOTED IN CHARITY AND NOURISHED BY IT, WHICH BURNS WITH THE ZEAL OF GOD AND THE HUNGER FOR THE SALVATION OF SOULS.

You know, and know well, that Christian prudence should grow with that Charity; and you realize that its SUPERNATURAL VIEWS should increasingly prevail over the too human "lower reason" which judges everything from a temporal point of view, whereas that of the "higher reason" has the point of view of eternity — which is also yours.

## Footsteps Of Saints

You know too, that such a prudence calls repeatedly TO THE ONE THING NECESSARY, and aided by the gift of counsel, becomes HOLY DISCRETION, which weighs all things according to God's measure and leads its chosen souls, as it led your founder, to the FOLLY OF THE CROSS. This is incomprehensible even to the rank and file of "good" Catholics, but well understood by our Saints, in whose footsteps you desire so earnestly to follow.

As I re-read what I have written, I sound, even to myself, as a page from an obtuse book of theology. But then, that is what I had to refer to, when I plunged into a definition of prudence. There was nowhere else I could go and be sure I was right.

I hope I HAVE defined the virtue of Prudence for you, and if you re-examine my previous letters to you, dear Sister, and go once more over the ways and techniques I so diffidently suggested as possible for you to employ to reach this glorious end . . . I think . . . I hope . . . that you will reconsider your first impression as to my "imprudence". For, to the best of my ability, I have always tried, in my utterly humble, small, and unimportant fashion, TO BE PRUDENT ONLY ACCORDING TO THE PRUDENCE OF GOD . . . AND NOT OF MEN.

It is not for me to judge if I succeeded. I wanted only to make it clear that these were the principles involved. The rest I leave to God and His Blessed Mother. Sincerely, Catherine de Hueck.

## Among The Lonely Hills

W. C. Dwyer

Here we are again, among the lonely hills, ready to continue scribbling our chronicle. The only explanation we can give for our long silence is a prolonged period of illness, which, happily for me, seems to be coming to a close.

## Rest In Peace

Right smack in the midst of the festive season we had to journey sadly to the funeral of a venerable pioneer, the mother of four priests and two nuns. The pastor of Combermere, Father A. P. Dwyer, is numbered among this illustrious family.

People congregated there from all walks of life, but more particularly from the ranks of the clergy and religious orders. They came to pay a tribute to a wonderful mother, to pray for her soul, and to carry away and enshrine in their memory for evermore the highlights of her character.

The single leaf on the tree, in a final blaze of colour, to enhance the glory of the whole tree, falls in Autumn, unnoticed — just as it lived hidden in the verdure. The lowly leaf, however, formed part of the Infinite Plan, contributing to the beauty and usefulness of the tree or forest. When all the little leaves have fallen the countryside is made desolate indeed.

As our few pioneers, who lived the unsung, unwept, unapplauded simple life of the village or countryside, fade from the picture, there is left an etching truly sombre. The works of these pioneers, however, shine through the gloom, for those who really want to see.

## It Is Old Fashioned

Our present generation under the guise of bringing things up to date, relegate to a mouldy niche of forgetfulness, the aged and their accomplishments. It is old fashioned to be grateful for, mindful of, build upon, or take into consideration the way of life of our forebearers. They are in our "way." They irk us . . . People who have this attitude towards the aged haven't the faintest idea of the meaning of Life.

What is this "purpose of life" the entire purpose of human life, anyway? . . . It is nothing else than the following of Christ.

It does not make a whit of difference whether we are poor, or rich; sick or well, unknown or famous. Only one thing is important; and the importance is prime — that we love our Saviour and conform our lives to His life.

"Take up thy cross and follow me." It was a simple matter for Matthew the Apostle. He left his customs bureau. He went where Christ went and learned of

His sacred direction.

When the vocation of the Religious is settled, the Way of Christ is easy to discern. One follows the holy rule which is supplemented by the superior's directions. If one lives thus in obedience, he is quite certain that he is following Christ.

## But the Lay People—

The lay person has no such intimate guide. He must trace the footprints of Christ through the Sunday Gospels, sermons, retreats and spiritual reading. He must make the mind of Christ shine clearly through the labyrinth of Life's routine. Yes, he must step unerringly through the chaos, the myriad temptations, the tinsel fronts, in these modern days when every nook and cranny of human life is daubed with the devil's paint brush.

The beloved dead woman, with unhesitating generosity and unquestioning loyalty carried through her pilgrimage, her sublime vocation as wife and mother, according to the mind of the Master. It was her understanding of the purpose of life for herself and her family — to serve God faithfully and with generosity. Nothing else mattered.

The parish church and Catholic school was for this good woman, the very hub of her social and spiritual existence.

Here she found the roadmap for her journey. Here she sought inspiration, encouragement, and consolation; and was not handed a stone! Then, from the seclusion of her home, she extended her charity to the whole world in her daily family prayers for the sick, the wayward, and the dead.

Who could have any other feeling but respect and tender veneration for such as she, one of the pillars of the Church, one of those signposts on the way? She sleeps in the churchyard in company with many another pioneer mother from her parish.

These lived and died with the Sign of the Cross shining through always. Other emblems or signs made no impression whatsoever on their minds, because they knew that there was only one enduring standard.

## Only One Sign

The fasces, the symbol of the Roman Empire, are buried in the oblivion of nearly two thousand years. The crooked cross of the Nazis, which enthralled so many with such power, is now a despicable thing. It would not even stop a hole to keep the wind away. The sign of the hammer and sickle, emblazoned high upon the horizon of the Orient's crimson sky, after much havoc in the souls of a multitude, will pass away. The sign of the dollar that seeks to enslave, body and soul, a large section of the human race, will also one day be

forgotten.

But the sign of the Cross will endure to the end of time, and continue to be the beacon of the true follower of Christ. It was our beloved neighbor's guide. It led her to her reward.

With the consideration of Faith we realize that we should pray for her soul. We should pray for her if only because she always included all of us in her prayers.

Her sons at the altar, and her daughters in the convent, have always prayed for us. May her soul rest in peace. Amen.

## Dorothy Day's New Book

(The Long Loneliness, by Dorothy Day. Harper. \$3.50. 286 pages.)

If I were the city editor of a big metropolitan daily I would hire Miss Day as one of my reporters, if I could get her to leave the Catholic Worker apostolate, and I would assign her exclusively to interviews and feature stories. But I would never give her a column to do in which she could talk about herself, or write anything autobiographical.

By this I am not insinuating that this isn't a fine book, a beautifully written book, even a stirring book. Not at all. I am merely saying that Dorothy's autobiography is to be read between the lines. If you want to know the real Dorothy Day, that's where you'll find her hidden.

## Before And After

The Long Loneliness is, one might say, roughly divided into two parts. Before Dorothy met Peter Maurin, and after Dorothy met Peter Maurin. Dorothy gives herself no credit for anything good, for anything worthwhile, for anything original, or for anything enduring in her work. She is the most humble of all autobiographers, the most self-effacing.

But she has created a book that, I am sure, will be one of the Catholic best sellers, that will endure for many decades — if not for centuries — and that will be a source-book for all those of future ages wishing to write about the lay pioneers in Catholic Action in the United States.

Dorothy, through the establishment of her newspaper, the Catholic Worker, her Houses of Hospitality, and her thousands of lectures, has had a tremendous effect on Catholic thought in North America in the last quarter century. She has influenced many priests, and many bishops. She has actually changed American Catholics. But you'd never know that from her book.

## D.D. Dislikes D.D.

Dorothy herself is the only character in the Long Loneliness who is portrayed in

drab, vague, uncertain lines and colors. Everybody else stands out clearly. And most of them are delightful and interesting.

There is another quality besides humility that shines through the book. Charity! Nobody is abused in Long Loneliness. Nobody is criticized harshly. Even some of those who treated her most savagely are presented with kindness and tenderness, to the reader. The others are not mentioned — so nobody will know or hate them.

The Long Loneliness has been long awaited in America and Canada, especially by those, laity and clergy, interested in any sort of Catholic Action. These people will not be disappointed. As for the others, they will like it too, because, after all, it is a unique book. It's the story of a unique life. It could not help be what it is. And nobody can help liking it.

I hope it sells in the millions.

## BLACKIE

He was a dog. No greater praise is necessary. He lived his life's span, as ordained by God, a dog always to the best of his ability. He wrested from his human friends measures of kindness, patience and care for which they will receive great blessings, because he was one of God's creatures.

He gave to the world a frequent source of merriment over his antics, wonder at his power in racing cars, and amazement at his skill in finding skunks.

Whatever he did was done to the best of his doggy ability. May we recognize this and apply such thoroughness to our own lives!

He leaves behind him to perpetuate his memory, his wife, Brownie, one son at home, and uncounted numbers of black descendants who populate the surrounding districts, serving and giving joy to their owners.

Thank you, Blackie, for your contribution to the life of Madonna House.



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# COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

The snow is still with us. So is the cold. But winter's heart is not in either. He must have found his bride, and must be eager to take her away into the land of eternal colds. That is what the Russian folks used to say. To them King Frost was a folkways hero, who every year came to earth to seek a human bride.

For her he bedecked the countryside into a wondrously beautiful palace of snow and ice.

## A Frustrated King

For here he made the sun shine on this white glory changing it into a fairyland. It was his frustrations in finding the right bride, that came to us in the shape of winter storms and its icy winds.

It was his stalking and waiting that sent the thermometers down . . . down to fifty below zero.

And it was his finding her that brought about his retreat. It was a slow, and cunning retreat, yet half-hearted too, for he held his bride in his arms, and did not really caer if Spring took over or not.

I guess it must be so, for there is a smell, a hint of Spring in the air now and then, to gladden men's hearts.

Yet as we look back on the winter months we find they passed swiftly. Right after Christmas, we began our yearly Training Course of three months. It will be over in April and will be concluded, as usual, with a four-day closed retreat, given this year by our good friend, Rev. Fr. John Callahan.

The course takes all of our mornings from 10 to noon, and embraces such subjects as the history of Friendship House, of which Madonna House is a part, the matter of our vocation to the Lay Apostolate of F.H., approved by our Ordinary, the history of the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action in modern times, the Spiritual Foundations of the Lay Apostolate, the Christian philosophy of work, Evidence Guild outlines, the two great encyclicals of the Popes, *Rerum Novarum* and the Mystical Body of Christ, and the liturgy of the Mass.

## This Is Only A Start

There will be many such periods of training, and they will embrace, slowly and painstakingly, the whole Christian Social Apostolate to which the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action, Friendship House style, is completely dedicated. It takes many years to train the Staff Workers, the inner circle of people who live its full way of life and man its works.

Then these winter months just past saw also some reorganizations — internal ones. For Madonna House has grown to the point of bursting its very walls. And much physical and technical reorganization was needed. So we changed one of its bedrooms into a dispensary, with three big shelves lined with everything needed for first aid, and medical emergencies. It is a place that is being constantly used, and we are glad to have everything at hand to help in this vital community service.

Another bedroom has been made into an office with three desks. Our bookkeeper has one. The second belongs to the Staff Worker in charge of Restoration, which

has grown too, and needs to be a separate department now. The third belongs to a secretary-typist, for our correspondence ranges between 9,000 to 10,000 letters per year!

The Master files are still in the children's library, as are the letter files. But we hope soon to start building another house, so that we can place the women Staff Workers in its upstairs, and establish all the offices we need in a large downstairs.

## Following A Pattern

That is the way it is always. We get started in some house, store-front, or what-have-you, that looks immense at first . . . and in a few years, lo and behold, either we have moved into bigger premises, or we have rented, bought, or built more store-fronts, houses, cottages or other buildings.

The need for this type of Lay Apostolate is far greater than even we, with all our experience in the field, often suspect.

Madonna House is no exception. Look at it. In 1947 the six-room house looked immense. Then somehow it became inadequate. We built St. Veronica's, a cottage capable of accommodating four people. That soon ceased to take care of our needs and Blessed Martin's cottage, with garage attached, was born. It is Eddie's writing den and houses the car. Another year, and another cottage grew up. This was St. Peter's, built to house the boys that came to us, and the priests that taught at our Summer School of Catholic Action. Then we rented from the Hydro Electric Co. of Ontario, a fifteen-room house, that would, most assuredly we thought, take care of ALL OUR NEEDS.

But it did not. The boys live in it now . . . for the winter. The female staff, for the same season, is crowded into St. Peter's. Presently we will start our Summer School and have to house, through the summer, some 225 people at the rate of 25 to 28 a week.

## And That Hospital

Then, as a permanent proposition, we need space for that four-bed hospital we have been talking so much about. We also must have a permanent place to house the men Staff Workers. They spill over into a tent now . . . and still more room is needed. Hence that next building project on the two acres we recently bought! There is no room to put up anything else on our original five acres.

That is the way with the works of the Lord. They grow under His guidance and blessing with a rapidity that leaves one breathless. Yet we continue to dream in Him. For space and more space is needed for many things—A youth center, where we can have monthly dances, games, and the like . . . A good big handicraft room . . . but I had better stop, or we may have to beg for more money to buy more land . . . and maybe we will . . . For the Spirit breathes as He wills . . . and we follow.

PAX IXTI

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

did, and men went back to authority in many places in the earth, and worshipped God in the old way. And the worship spread!

The serpent foamed at the mouth. He just could not bear the thought of all the bungling that men had done. (He couldn't stand his own mistakes either; but he blamed the Woman for it.)

## Man Made State

So he whispered to the newest generation of the godless. "Listen, you so-and-sos. Why don't you substitute a legitimate god for what you got? I mean, why don't you make the State a god? Then you got something. Then you got the world by the tail. But don't let go. Get the guys that ain't with you, and get them good. But good! And I don't mean good. Shake out those all 'no popery' flags. Get anti-papist excited. Get them fighting mad. I wish you'd listen to me. Ever since the world began I've been telling the boys the way to win was to divide and conquer. So do it this time, huh? Pay me some attention. Divide the Christians. Split 'em up. Split 'em small! And poke 'em up! Get 'em shouting mad. Do what I say and you'll be bigger than God. You'll be God. Give 'em hell, fellows — and come and see me when you croak. Don't forget. I'll be waiting for you."

## Stalling With Satan

March, and the U.N. is still perplexed at Russia's stalling; and men are still dying in Korea; and Catholic



priests and prelates are being ironed out behind the iron curtain; and another war is more and more surely speeding toward a crisis.

And Catholics are still talking of those Protestant pastors and the sheep who went with them to Washington to show their disgust at President Truman's intention of sending an ambassador to the Vatican.

Why do some people have such a terrible hatred of the Church? I think it is only because they are ignorant of the Catholic religion. And I think too, that we are to blame for that, we Catholics who know and love our religion. We should love these people. And we should teach them the truths of our faith—especially by the way in which we live it. But do we?

Maybe we've been listening to the serpent too.

"Don't be a jerk, you jerk. Button up that lip. Keep religion and politics to your-

self. Then you won't offend anybody. See? And nobody'll take any cracks at you. Go along with the crowd, lad. Be just one of the boys.

## The Soothing Satan

"So you missed Mass! So what? So you're gonna cry and carry on? Wait'll the gang hears about that! Baby, ain't that a hot one! So you swore, and you got drunk, and you divorced your wife, the dirty so and so, and you stole darn near everything there was in the city hall! So who cares? You can always get the clergy in when you're dying and make with the sweet-talk, huh?"

"Use your head, Papist. Be a pillar of the church if you have to; but be your own man too. They can't make rules for you, Butch. You're different. Do what you want. Take it easy, but take it. And don't get caught."

Yes, we've been helping the serpent. We've been helping to bury the Church under terrible drifts, under frightful and furious blizzards. Yet, all the time, we have been getting ready for a new Spring. Another revival.

While the devil of a serpent is delighting in the wickedness he has caused, we have been preparing a new crop of saints!

March! Lent! Easter is only a few weeks away. The day of the risen Lord. Ah yes, on this earth, there will always be an Easter. There will always be a choir of saints singing Alleluias!

## THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

when all of us are ordinary plain folks. It sort of helps to keep going up . . . up the Royal Road to Chr'st.

Then there are general features in our paper that speak in everyday language of the great principles of the Church, which need to be understood today, more than ever before, by everybody.

## Paper Produces Books

It is a strange paper too, inasmuch as out of it have come already three books, that were, at first, just series of articles. "DEAR SEMINARIAN" was a series of letters addressed through our paper to Seminarists. Now, soon, "MY HAY AIN'T IN," will come out. That is Eddie's column, "FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS." And the editorials may soon appear under their original title, "WHERE GOD IS, LOVE IS."

We are not blowing our own horn. It is simply that we of Friendship House have been in the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action 22 years . . . in that time we have learned a few truths, and tried to live by them . . . and since it is a sin to hide any kind of knowledge of God, or the things of God, under a bushel . . . we simply want to pass that knowledge on to others. You may be interested. One dollar, again, will bring you 12 copies of this little paper of ours.

Oh yes — woops! I forgot! There is a third service! THE OUTER CIRCLE LETTER OF FRIENDSHIP HOUSE. Which is free for the asking. Just send your name and address, and tell us you want our OC letter, as we call it for short. And it will come to you free of any charges for 12 months. One a month.

It too deals with God and the things of God, but in a more definite fashion. Up to now it has taken up the whole of the Catechism, gone on to specialize in the

Commandments of God . . . and from there to the Beatitudes.

Right now we are dealing with Catholic Action in detail. That completed, we will once more poll our readers or subscribers, and ask them to vote on the next topic, as we always do. The choice will be between . . . a series on MARRIAGE . . . PARENTHOOD . . . or the SINGLE LIFE DEDICATED TO GOD IN THE WORLD.

Let us serve you. That is why we are here in Madonna House . . . to serve you in Him . . . through Him . . . for Him.

## Ask . . . And You Shall Receive

Naturally speaking this is a foolish column to write. Supernaturally, it is a very wise one. For, in obeying Christ, no one can err. So, in utter childlike simplicity and trust, we of Madonna House turn our faces to God, and our empty hands to you, and ask for our needs . . . big needs . . . little needs. We ask in His name . . . and not for us personally . . . but so that we may serve Him better in our neighbor.

CLOTHING . . . Second-hand clothing is our first request. For our clothing room is utterly empty. Just hangers dangling disconsolately and rattling with a strange mournful noise when the cold wind comes through an open window. It is so hard to escort people in need downstairs to the clothing room to view empty hangers . . . and the need for all kind of clothing for both sexes and all ages is infinite!

BEDDING . . . Is our next great need. So many come to Madonna House. So often we have to give bedding to mothers in labor, to sick old folks . . . that sheets, pillows, pillow cases — everything and anything pertaining to beds — is a godsend.

A CAR . . . Yes we have a car, given us five years ago by a most generous bishop. But it has seen service . . . over rough country roads . . . in winter and summer. It still runs. But for nursing trips in the bush over rutty difficult roads we need, desperately, a Chev . . . a Dodge . . . any sturdy car that can take a real beating and is easy on gasoline and oil. A second-hand one in good running order? Oh yes, indeed! We know we are asking almost the impossible . . . cars are so dear and so hard to get . . . but is anything impossible to God? Maybe a half-ton truck would do the work as well? Indeed it would.

Looking over what we have written . . . we decided to put it all into Mary's hands. She has ways to get to God . . . and from Him to the hearts of men! So into her keeping go all our needs. Mother of Christ, take care of them.

## Free At Last

By Dorothy M. Phillips

Let God be my keeper I said one day and felt free at last.

Let me no more struggle against the wind and rain and sleet and snow.

But let me be enveloped by them and know their meaning.

Let God be my master I said and the lash stung no more as I whipped myself into the joy of His service.

Let God be my love I prayed and the beauty of sorrow came to me.